

by the sunshine of her prophetic smile! A female friend, amiable, clever, and devoted, is a possession more valuable than parks and palaces; and, without such a muse, few men, can succeed in life, none be content.¹

The temperature has now fallen and all the tmcalcu-lating vehemence of love is gone. In its earlier presentment the passion of Ferdinand and Henrietta is strangely free from all admixture of sense ; from the artistic point of view it might indeed be better if there were more, for the sensuous element refined and sublimated in the furnace of the imagination is a necessary ingredient in the poetry of love; but if the sensuous element is absent there is no lack of spiritual warmth and fire. In the later volumes of the novel, however, this is changed: even the spiritual glow of passion has now died away, and love has passed into a sentiment which though pure and tender and reverent is of the intellect rather than of the

soul.

The portion of the novel which was written in the autumn of 1836 betrays many signs of crudity in conception and haste in execution. The images of Ferdinand and Henrietta are both in some degree defaced. Ferdinand shows himself such a selfish and deceitful egoist in his love that our sympathy is to a great extent estranged; and in spite of the tact and skill with which the author prepares us for the defection of Henrietta her fickleness cannot be wholly disguised. In the conditions of their genesis there is some resemblance between *Henrietta Temple* and the first part of *Vivian Grey*, in either case a discarded manuscript having been picked up again after the original creative impulse had lost its force. But since the days of *Vivian Grey* Disraeli had gained immensely in experience both, as an artist and as a man, and with all its imperfec^{tions} ^{the} supplementary work in *Henrietta Temple* is far different in literary value from the concluding chapters of his first novel. If the lyric rapture of first love is ¹ Bk. III. ch. 4.

